MORE MELODY THAN HARMONY.

Some Aspects of the Meditated Change | thoroughly emeiant. of Front at the Metropolitan Opera House.

LATINS AND TEUTONS.

Hopes and Fears Aroused by the Prospect of Mr. Henry E. Abbey's Return to Power.

WAGNER AND THE WAGNERITES.

French and Italian Opera To Be Tried Together - Musical Progress - Mr. Abbey's Singers-Financial Objections-Rival German Schemes-A Grand Experiment

Science having had its fling at the Metropolitan Opera House for seven seasons, art, it seems, is to have a chauce again.

To put it in another way, German opera is to be laid on the shelf for a time and replaced by cosmopolitan opera, sung in French and Italian.
With the echoes of "Die Meistersinger" sounding

in our ears it may seem thankless to say that we rejoice in the change. But we do. At least most of have had things their own way. They have been us do. And with reason. Not that we have any prejudice against German

opers. We may not share or understand the narrow faith of the Wagnerites and yet delight in hearing that master's works—occasionally.

But who could prefer the German singers to the Latins? Who, that had ears, could choose Reich-

mann if he could get de Reszke? And who that had the interests of art at heart could be patient when pedants preached that with

the death of Wagner the lyric drama perished?

that was their meaning. They taught it indirectly by exalting Wagner and sneering at the works of agement. all his rivals. It is not the first time I have said what I now say again—that Wagner's champions tistics and groaning overthe greed of Latin "stars."
harmed the cause of their idel. Their bigotry,
According to one prophet Mr. Abbey will loss their arrogance, their want of liberality repelled

A reaction was certain. That it would come soon was less certain. But it has come. And the pedants are disconsolate.

The men who built the Metropolitan Opera House, as we all know, have never had much liking for Teutonic opera. They accepted it, not because they preferred it to the opera of France or Ita y. but because it was cheaper, and being, perhaps, not very musical, they did not feel disposed to spend much money on music.

By lavisning their efforts on the Wagner produc-

tions and scamping the productions of non German works the powers that be at the Opera House succeeded in persuading them that the course they had adopted was the best and most paying.

Being unable, thanks to the imperfections of the average German singer-there are grand exceptions, of course-to do justice to what they called old fashioned opera, they tried to convince us that it was not worth producing, and, recalling some performances they gave us, it must be confessed bey sometimes seemed to be right. Some operas indeed were not worth doing—as they did them.

For the sake of the one Wagner, we lost Weber,

Mozart, Auber, Thomas, Bizet, Gluck and other masters, while we were forced to put up with strange perversions of Gounod and sorrowful presentments of Rossini and Meyerbeer, which made us marvel at their fame.

As for the moderns, the Saint-Saënses, the Boïtos and Godards, they were simply suppressed or

Yet, outside the Metropolitan Opera House, in the great world beyond the sea, it was these men and their works who represented the progress and the hope of opera and lyric drama.

past of such merit as "Le Roi d'Ys," "Sigurd," Proserpine," "Esclarmonde," "Le Cid," "Henri VIIL" and "Salammbo?"

And which of these works have we heard in New

We have not beard so much as one of them

No. To go back to my point, so far as the Metropolitan Opera House has been concerned the history of opera might have closed with the Tetralogy. E pur si muove! Yet the world moved. Music, which owed so much to Richard Wagner, did not die with him. Young composers were struggling to obtain a hearing. New works were being written and applauded by thousands. Men were adapting the lessons of Bayrouth to the genius of their various races. The veteran Verdi had composed his grand "Otello.

When we hinted at these things the Metropolitan Opera people at first replied by doubling the numof Wagnerian performances and publishing columns of statistics.

Perceiving at last that we longed for something new, they dug up a one act opera comique, "The Barber of Bagdad" (which proved delightful, I own), and promised "Le Rol d'Ys" and "Le Cid"but did not give them.

The reaction grew stronger and we had "Asrael"—a work of some merit—and "The Vassal of Szigeth"-a much more striking effort. And finally, instead of "Le Cid" or "Le Roi d'Ys,"

we had the notable production of "Diana." It was, I hear, the failure of the ducal effusion that settled the fate of German opera for the present, The directors felt that, though the French and Italians might have faults, their feeblest efforts could not be so bad as this "Diana." They had bored themselves with patience. They had listened

and endured. But they objected to being made ridiculous. Negotiations had for two months been going on with Mr. Abbey, who had proposed that they should give him one more trial. A few days after the failure of the Duke's "Diana" the directors held a meeting and decided they had had enough of German opera. So Mr. Abbey is to have another innings. He is to restore us our old favorites, to give us new singers and, we may hope, to introduce

to us some of the works which have within the past few years been born in Europe. The performances next season (for the contract with Mr. Abbey is made only for one season) will be in French and Italian.

Wagner will not, as some supposed, be banished from the programmes, but he will be only one of many other composers who are to be given a hearing. The "Niebelungenring" will be dropped for a ie, but we are promised "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," and we may have "Tannhauser."

I hear much talk, too, of a great revival of Gluck's "Orfeo," with Julia and Sophie Ravogli in the parts of Orpheus and Eurydice.

"Le Cid," one of Massenet's most successful operas, with perhaps the same composer's "Esciar-monde," Reyer's "Saismmbō," Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" and Mascagui's "Cavalleria Rusticana" are among the novelties which, if Mr. Abbey's campaign pros pers, may be performed.

Besides the two Havoglis, who made a great hit Bossides the two Havoglis, who made a great hit in London lately, we shall hear Jean de Reszke, one of the sweetest of lyric tenors: Edouard de Reszke, an admirable basso; Marie Van Zandt, the charman admir ing American soprano, and probably Mme. Melba, the young Australian singer who has won such golden opinions in Brussels, Lendon and Paris.

with possibly Mme. Stahl, of the Vienna Opera House, or Mime. Scalehi and a Russian singer of whom great things may be expected.

Mme. Tavary and the two de Reszkes will appear together in "Die Meistersinger." Miss Van Zandt will fill the chief soprano parts in "Mignou," "Lakme" and the lighter repertoire. These are so far the only engagements we have heard of, but Mr. Abbey seems bent on making his troupe

Warned by experience, he is resolved to avoid the fatal errors of the "star" system and to begin his campaign with such a force behind him as will assure us not only excellent interpretations of the chief parts in each opers, but also adequate

The chorus, which will sing Italian both at the French and Italian performances, will be brought over from Europe. The band, which i un-derstand will be recruited with special carethat is a sine qud non of success here-will be led by Signor Mancinelli, who has done wonders for the Covent Garden orchestra. His assistant may be Signor Sapio or Signor Masche-

For his scenery and most of his costumes the future manager will depend largely on the existing resources of the Metropolitan Opera House.

All this sounds well, and if Mr. Abbey sticks to his programms the artistic success of his venture is not doubtful. The financial results concern himself and the Metropolitan stockholders, who will be called upon to furnish as much money, no doubt, for the new scheme as for the German ven-

Unhappily it will not be possible to avoid raising the prices of at least the stalls, as the expense of engaging French and Italian singers is considerable. Mr. Abbey knew this, however, when he submitted his offer, and, knowing it, still hopes to

make his venture profitable. The future is with the gods. His hopes may be

Meanwhile we can look forward to one season at least of opera which will not bore and which will

The indignation of the Wagnerites at the proposed operatio changes may be natural, but it is unreasonable.

For just seven years, their time of plenty, they able to attend such performances of their favorite as they could hardly have enjoyed in any German theatre. They have left the poor Italian, the poor Frenchman, the poor Irishman and a good many poor Americans completely in the cold.

All this at the expense of a few wealthy stockholders, who neither loved nor worshipped their divinity

And now, because these stockholders consult their own taste and resolve to have some pleasure for their money, "they rage, they burn," they for-They did not preach it plumply, I know. But get all the amusement that has been provided for them and they foretell disaster to the coming man-

They are at their old game again-printing sta-According to one prophet Mr. Abbey will lose \$350,000-not one dollar more or less-in his first season. According to another, Italian opera has coased to interest even the misguided Italians who once fancied that Verdi and Rossini had genius.

We are to "descend to the level of London" be cause Mr. Stanton and Herr Seidl will not rule the roast next year at the Metropolitan. And even in London Italian opera, it appears, would have been a failure last season but for Gluck's "Orfso" and the performances of Wagner's operas.

I will not defend the poor Italians from the charge of indifference to their own music.

With regard to the moral which the Wagnerian writer draws from the example of London, however, I may remark that it is to "Orfeo" and the two operas of Wagner, "Die Meistersinger" and "Lohengrin," which have drawn best at Covent Garden, Mr. Abbay will look largely for the success of his venture.

The singers who made them popular in London will sing them here, and although I have not heard the de Reszkes and the Ravoglis in any of the three works I mention, I will go out of my way to predict that they will charm even our Wag-

Jean and Edouard de Reszke and most Latin singers sing true, whatever else they do. They have grown up in a school which holds false notes as odious as bad grammar. We do not sneeze at "dramatic expression," though we have had so much of it lately in "Rheingold" and "Die Walkure." But we rank awest singing, graceful phrasing and good voices still higher.

As for the financial aspects of the problem, they concern us far less than the point of art.

If it turns out that opera in French and Italian costs more than Mr. Abbey and his backers can afford it will be sad, no doubt. But the fact will not affect the main issue.

Wagner would not thank his disciples if he could hear the arguments they hurl at their opponents. They smack too much of Mr. Grundy's Dodsor Dick, who said that managers were cheesemongers. After all, "Tis not in mortals to command sucess." They can at most deserve it.

Were it practicable to organize an opera house so perfectly that we could have French, German, English and Italian works alternately we should have reached our ideal.

If the 300,000 Germans in New York can start and maintain an opera house of their own so much the

It has yet to be proved, however, that there is room in New York for two great operas, and, I may add, it will not be known till this day twelvementh if, independently of our 300,000 German citizens, we count a public large or wealthy or cultured enough to support an opera house. I should not, and you might not, care to make

Mr. Abbey's experiment, but, none the less, it is worth making. And should it fail-

Well, we can still fall back on Wagner and Duke Ernest.

FLASHED FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS. ITEMS OF NEWS AND STRAY BITS OF GOSSIP REARD AT THE THEATRES.

"Babes in the Wood" will remain at Niblo's another fortnight.

months.

Miss Yokes intends presenting "The Silver Shield" at the Madison Square Theatre throughout her ongagement there, which is to last another fortnight.

It has been decided to take off "Joshua Whitcomb" at the Academy of Music this week and to revive a week from to-morrow night "The Old Homestead."

from to-morrow night "the Gid Homestead."

"The High Rollor," which is to go out in his fall, will be the work of Mr. Clay Greene, Mr. Gas Thomas, Mr. Max Freeman and notably Mr. John McNally.

"A Tin Soldier" will rattle out its fund of jokes and specialties at the Third avenue Theatra to morrow night. Mr. Arthur Dunn heads the company as "Rata,"

"Mr. Barnes of New York" will pay his respects to east siders this week at the People's Theatra. Mr. Nsill, Miss Rigl and Miss German will be seen in the production.

Fifth Avenue.

Arrangements have been made for the production of "The Marchant," Mrs. Nartice Mortou's play, at the Madissus Square Theatra for the summer season, beginning about May 4. The play is to have a strong cast and specially prepared scenory.

"A Texas Store" will conclude its long stay at the Bijou Theatre this work. From here the play will go to the new deliferist Theatre in San Feancisco. In the fall Mr. Hoyt will put the play on at the Union Square Theatre for an extended ran.

Mr. Abbey's contrail may include Mme. Richard.

of the Paris Opera House: Mme. Fabbri (whose fine dipal scenes in the play shows the interior of a pawning scenes in the play shows the interior of a pawning scenes in the play shows the interior of a pawning scenes in the play shows the interior of a pawning scenes in the play shows the interior of a pawning scenes in the play shows the interior of a pawning scenes in the play shows the interior of a pawning scene and dramatic acting we have not forgotten.

"The Ark," and its proprietor has been nicknamed | Burch the "Ave Maria" from "Otelic," and Miss Campbool. The play will have a number of specialty features.

Work has already been started on the scenery for Mr.

Work has already been started on the scenery for Mr.

NOTES OF MUSIC.

The third act of "Parsifal" will be the subject of Mr. Walter Dames-ch's lecture recital in the Beckeley Lyoum to-morrow afternoon.

HERR XAVER SCHARWENKA.

GREAT EXPRO ATIONS BASED UPON HIS APPEAR ANCE NEXT SATURDAY-HIS OPERA "MATAS-WINTHA.

Herr Scharwenks, court planist to the Emperor of Germany, will make his first public appearance in America on the evening of the 24th. Portions of bls recently completed opera, "Mataswintha," will be heard for the first time. The chorus of the German Opera has been placed at his disposal, and



cath to devote their lives and possessions to the one great object of maintaining the independence and giory of their realm.

Herr Scharwenka's full programme for Saturday's concert includes Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, two selections; Hymenes and L'Invocation, from Massenet's suite "Esclarmonde;" two piane solos by Liszt, and Wagner's "Huldigangs" march. From his own works he has selected his piane concerte (op. 32) and two scenes from "Mataswintha."

Herr Scharwenka has starred in every capital in Europe and given in Berlia a'one over two hundred concerts. He is very much pleased with the warm personal reception given him hare, and has decided to stay in America several months.

whether these influential murderers should be punished had entered into local politics and the campaign was a very exciting one. At some of the precincts the judges of election and the voters were alike armed with. Winchesters and six shooters.

Among those that were active in the movement to overthrow the cvil men who had for years exercised a reign of terror over "Bloody Valencia" was gentle, generous Dumas Provencher, one of the pioneers of the Territory, and he was one of the dozen of us whom the assassins had marked for death.

Shortly after midnight of election day the ballots of that precinct were still being counted by a flickering lamp in a long, low room in the plaza of San Hafael, and poor Provencher was there. He had just received news of a plot to kill the judges and seize the ballots at three precincts and leaned over to the United Status deputy marshal, Marrin Galle-

THE LYCEUM - FARCE-COMEDY.

"NERVES" AND THE STORY IT WILL UNFOLD TO-MORROW NIGHT. A new departure will, be made at the Lyceum Theatre to-morrow night, when a play of the farce-

The active to-morrow hight, when a play of the farcecouncily order, entitled "Nerves," will be presented.
The play is adapted from the French by Mr. J.
Comyns Carr, and ran all last year in London.
The farce satirizes the apathetic condition young
and happy, wives sometimes find themselves in
when they are blessed with too much happiness.
The plot hinges upon the spiteful endeavor of a
young woman who wishes to break the paralyzing
quietness of her life by arousing jealousy under
the walstcoat of her lord and master.
She sends a letter supposed to be for the purpose of an engagement to a young man whose
name she accidentally hears mentioned in her drawing room. This young man turns out to be a confectioner. Of course there is quite a time by the
remainder of the characters in trying to smooth
matters. The farce is in three acts, one of which
will show a confectioner's shop on Regent street,
which Mr. Frohman says will be exactly reproduced.
Mr. Kelcey will play the part of Captain Armitage,
a victim of nerves, and Miss Cayvan will be a
french confectioner.
"Nerves" will be preceded by Mr. Chambers'
littis one acc play "The Open Gate," which was
given a short time ago at the Actors' Fund benefit
at the Broadway Theatre.

CHAT IN THE CHOIR LOFT. comedy order, entitled "Nerves," will be presented.

CHAT IN THE CHOIR LOFT.

And so Miss Abbott-honest Emma-left \$45,000 to churches where she enjoyed the music. Perhaps it would have been more to the point to have left that sum for certain churches where she did not enjoy the music. But the will maker having

or ment to good deeds in the past it would reap
more benefit than as an incentive to better things
in the future.

This is the first instance I know of money being
left for such a purpose by an American. It has been
a common enough practice, and in England pious old
ladies and gentlemen with more money than they
knew how to spend have occasionally left a small
part of their worldly goods to a favorite enoir or a
noted organist, but it has been reserved for an
American ex-notor singer to set the fashion on this
side of the water, and I fear that we must wait for
still a second death among the ranks of former or
present choristers for another instance.

And more's the pity.

For what nobler object can there be than to
enable some poor, struggling church to enjoy a
forctasts of the harmonies that are being heard by
the donor, or what better gift to a rich church
than to recognize the good laste of the choir
director and enable him to continue the good work
already begun.

I was talking with one of our most prominent

then to recognize the good laste of the choir director and enable him to continue the good work already begun.

I was talking with one of our most prominent orchestral conductors the other evening about the future of our church music and discussing with him the seemingly best methods of meressing the already growing interest in the subject, and this was the project he proposed:—
"Form an orchestra a fully equipped band of skilled players—there are plenty of musicians to be had here on Sundays; seep them together long enough to become in perfect sympathy with one another and with the vocal choir; produce in your church only best works, the grandest masses and the most beautiful of anthems; shun everything trivial, bar everything socular and upon the great mines of hidden treasures of ecclesiastical music that are unknown to American churchgoers simply because the average choir is incapable of interpreting them.
"Yes, and one might add that as it is neither necessary nor expedient to have instrumental performers in every choir, make the most of your material and give your listeners only the best. They may not enjoy Palestrina as much as you weber or Mozart. They may prefer the simpler harmonies of Baruk to the more florid music of Donizetti and Rossini, but of its kind always present the best.

"If it is the best and if the music has been carefully chosen for the requirements of the choir and been properly rehearsed there can be but little for a first in the set.

SHE GOT A SEAT.

A SOUTHERN GIBL PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATES HER NOTION OF STRATEGY. It was about eleven o'clock, on the elevated road-

At Twenty-third street two pretty young women in good clothes came alourd. The morning rush was past, but still the car was

full of comfertable business men studiously devoted

to their newspapers. Not a sent was vacant, and not one was offered One of the young women hitched becself onto a strap with an air of familiarity with the process; the other

with an air of familiarity with the process; the other looked on and at the men with an expression of intellectual curlosity, not unmixed with scorn.

"You'll see Wall street running right up against old Trinity," said she of the strap, as if continuing a previous conversation, "then I want to take you through one of the big office buildings but we'll have to wait till pape—

"Will we have to stand all the way down theah?" siked her friend and evident goest irrele antly, in soft, crear tones, and ministricable Southern a cents.

"No, not all the way," replies the New York girl, and then chaperoning her sex instead of her section, she added notto voce, "some of these brutes will have to gird out before flector street—they'll have to give us a sent whether they want to or not."

"No, I don't think they will," said the Southerner in the same soft, audible tone, and consting a meilitative look about her, "I think by their looks they'll say abourd and lose maney to keep us out of one."

A gentleman citting on one of the cross sexts with his back to, them, now rose with an anused expression, saying:—

THRILLING INSTANCES

Circumstances.

STORIES OF PIONEER DARING

General Sheridan's Most During Brigadier Kills

Three Men in Two Seconds.

I mean here to speak of only a few of the physical

The nerve which shines forth in a deadly crisis

of cracking revolvers or flashing knives is neither the

only nor the highest kind, but it is a noble and an ad-

mirable quality even when misapplied, and when we

shall cease to admire and respect It the human race

We shall have come to a sorry pass when our blood

Custer's brave sergeant. He had arrested a deserter

of desperate character and took him in to a little

town in Nebraska. While they were eating dinner the desperado picked up a can of pepper, dashed

the contents in the Sergeant's face and started for the

anguish of the moment, thought only of his orders to bring in the prisoner alive or dead, and, listening for

the footsteps of the fugitive, fired to the sound and

As striking an example of "pure nerve" came under

Valencia county, New Mexico, had been disgraced

by a long series of cowardly and awful assassinations

done by one young Mexican desperado and his peons.

my own observation two years ago.

The blinded officer, even in the inconceivable

will have very little left whereof to be proud.

phases of pure nerve of which the West has been pro-

OF PURE NERVE.

HOW A PARTY OF KNIGHTS OF THE GRIPSACE Rare Presence of Mind Exhibited HOANED AN ENGLISHMAN IN AN ADBANKAS TRAIN. Under the Most Trying "Did I ever tell you of a game we put up on a

green Englishman on the run between Memphis and Little Rock, a few years ago?" said a com cial traveller, in speaking to a number of his fellows in the café of the Hoffman House recently.

out ultimately recovered full use of the leg, and the corage and coolness which had so long astinguished itm still made him a terror to the hostile tribes of

HELD UP BY DRUMMERS.

for more than a decade longer. CHARLES F. LUMMIS

"No, you never did." "Fire away." "Let her go," he., were a few of the remarks that followed the

"Well, you can call time on me if it is a chestnut," responded the first speaker, and then catching the thread of his story be continued :-

"It's five years ago, I guess. There were a half a dozen or more of us corralled at the old Peabody House in Memphis waiting for a chance to get over to Little Rock, with the idea of continuing our trip to Dallas, Fort Worth and San Antone. Spring of the year, you know, and the floods had raised the deuce with the tracks.

spring and a sandy desert in the summer, poor rolling stock at all times, and a fair chance of being held up by a road agent thrown in for variety. "Well, we started, and had the Pullman almost to ourselves. Besides our party was a thoroughbred Kentucky Colonel and his wife and a newly im-

Kentucky Colonel and his wife and a newly imported Englishman. The Colonel had a good bottle of whiskey: the Englishman a supercifious air. He wore an eyeglass, too.

"Before the train had crossed the river the boys had possession of the smoking compartment and had settled down for a good talk and smoke. Presently the Colonel joined us. His bottle of whiskey was soon directaing, and we warmed to the man instinctively. He was a 'lim dandy,' with a fund of stories and a great big, deep laugh that wate a man's heart warm to hear."

"After an hour or so the Englishman strolled in. He fixed his glass and scanned us all carefully; then he relaxed the muscles of his face and the glass fell from his eye. He loaded a pipe, littl, and puffed away like a chimney.

"Come, take a drink,' said the Colonel, addressing him."

a series which culminated on the 14th of February in my own receipt of a leaden valentine in the shape of two loads of midnight buckshot. The question whether these influential murderers should be punished

party. "Great heavens!' said the Briton. 'And the law,

had seen a fellow skulking in the brush.

did so the torpodocs exploded like a lussifiade of musicetry.

"The Englishman fell to his knees with an ejaculation about barbarous Americans and bandits. The rest of the party feigned excitement and the Colonel's wife uttered a cry of horror, under which one could detect the tone of mirth.

"We had a close call that time, gentlemen," said the train conductor, entering the car. The porter had a close shave of it. He had a hand to hand encounter with one of the runnans, who he flung from the car platform. He got a pistol ball through his hat.

his hat.

"Yes, boss, said the darky. 'See dat?' He held out an old alouch travelling hat through which he had torn a hole.

"I believe you've saved my life, you noble fellow, remarked the Englishman. I will reward you in the morning.'
"He kave the boy \$10 in the morning, the worth of his life, while we paid the same individual a double fee for the part he had played in the game.

Coming across on the Aurania with me last sum-

the steward made up his bill for drinks and sundries and presented the several accounts to whom they belonged.

A genial old party from Chicago effered to match pennies with a man from Poughkeepsie in order to see who should pay for the eigars. The man from Poughkeepsie won.

Then a New Yorker became interested and offered to match the victor for his wine bill. The man from Poughkeepsie season won. Thou all of us in turn matched him for sundries, and the man from Poughkeepsie still won. In fact, the man from Poughkeepsie still won. In fact, the man from Poughkeepsie still won. In fact, the man from Poughkeepsie won everything.

The last to match him was a somewhat giddy specimen of young womanhood of the blonde persuasion, who halled from Detroit. She had a wine bill to pay, and again the pounies were flipped with the usual result. For the fourteenth time the man from Poughkeepsie was proclaimed the victor.

"Oh. Mr. S.—" petulantly exclaimed the representative from Detroit, "you ought to give me another chance. I'm sure you couldn't beat magain."

The man from up the Hudson smiled gravely, "Madame." he said, "I promised a dving brother

"Madame," he said, "I promised a dring brother just before I sailed never to best anybody at anything from seven up to matching pennies more than fourteen times."

He then politely turned on his heel and went on deck. "I didn't travel one season with Herrmann for nothing," he afterward observed as he had made his final adden.

"They tell me a man can make money in Wall street," said a farmer to a broker, recently. "What "Do you own farm property?" replied the broker,

HOW HE LOST A CLIENT.

Friend-How so? Lawyer-Why, I merely asked a prospective lient to express his opinion about a certain affair

"You know the road as well as I do-s lake in the

THE MAN FROM POUGHREEPSIE KNEW WHEN HE'D REACHED THE LIMIT.

mar were a number of intensely convivial spirits, among whom were several ladies. According to custom, as the steamer approached Sandy Hook, the steward made up his bill for drinks and sun-

The man from up the Hudson smiled gravely.

INVEST IN PLOUGH-HARES.

shares would you advise me to invest in?" who had been pinched in the money panic.
"Yes. lown, tree and clear, 20,000 acres of the best farm land in lows," answered the agricul-"Well, then, take a friend's acvice." said the Wall street man. "invest in ploughshares."

Lawyer-I made a mortal enemy of a man to-day.

Friend-There was nothing in that to take offence

Lawyer—No, not if the man had not been afflicted with an impediment of speech.

"Come, take a drink,' said the Colonel, addressing him.
"No; I'm obliged to you,' replied the Briton, politicly enough. His objections amounted to nothing, however, and soon gave way under the Colonel's persuasions.
"He entered into the conversation gradually, found fault with the country, the cooking and everything else. He had justice on his side, too, in many things he said about Southern hotel life and travelling during the spring rains. He was going to Texas to look at a ranch that he thought of buying.

going to Texas to look at a ranch that he thought of buying.

TOLD HORRIBLE TALES.

"Gradually we began speaking of train robbers, &c. Rube Burrows had just held up a train in Texas and killed a man or two while doing it. The Englishman became intensely interested, and we, finding him credulous, began to pile on the horror. From truth we began to give fiction.

"It is about ton miles from here, at a water tank, that Jesse James' gang killed three men and robbed a train of \$50,000," said the Colones. "This very train, too," he added.

"Do you mean to say, sir," said the Englishman, that the country is infested with desperadoes who kill and rob at pleasure?"

"That's about the size of it," said one of the party.

party.

"Great heavens!' said the Briton. 'And the law, is it powerless?"

"The law, my friend,' replied the Colonel, 'does what it can when the efficials are honest. There is a strong suspicion,' he added, 'that in many instances the officials themselves are the robbers, or are at least in league with them."

"Should they rob me i would seek protection from the British Consul. The Queen protects her subjects the world over,' interjected the Briton. 'It would be made an international matter.'

"We have better protection than that,' said one of the party, drawing out a revolver.

"Yes, indeed,' romarked the Colonel, drawing forth a huge Kentucky 'gun' of about .44 calibre, which he deposited on the seat beside him.

"We are nearing that water tank now,' he added a moment later; 'it's a ticklish place. Are you armed, boys!'

"One of the party threw up a window, and drawing a dirk previously borrowed from the porter of the car, jabbed it into the woodwork to support the sash and looked out.

"If I should kill a man here,' said the English traveller, 'what would be done with me?'

"It's all right if you're a military man,' said the Colonel. 'I'll give you a commission in my regiment this moment.

"But would it not militate against my fealty to the Queen?' saicd the man, now thoroughly terrorized by the conversation and the exhibition of firearms.

"Yes,' indeed, it would,' replied the Kentuckian.

Finns the Mine.
"The whistle sounded, the train drew out. As it did so the torpedoes exploded like a fusillade of

no and his brigade stood off the savare charges of nearly two-thrus their number, will be remembered among the most gallant achievements of the great war.

And the courage which does not depend upon the inspiration of coulifet and of numbers is also his THREE RILLED IN TWO SECONDS.

In July, 1879, he had occasion to visit his great sheep runch in the wild San Gorgonio Pass, California. The country was then infested with notocious Mexican and American bandita, and travellers went always armed. General Bouton and his partner were driving along the mobilit forest road when three misked men sprang suddenly from the bushes and throat in their faces a double barrelled shotgun and two six shooters, at the same time scizing the horses. It was understood that the General Was carrying \$18,000 to buy a flock of nine thousand sheep, and this the highwaymen were after.

They made the travellers dismount and fastened their hands behind them with chains, clocing the links with a pair of pincers. Another chain was similarly fastened about General Bouton's neck, and one of the desperadoes, a cecked rovolver in hand, led him along by this, while the other two held shotgun and revolver ready to shoot at the slightest resistance from the prisoners.

So the strange procession started off—the highwaymen desiring to march their pisoners away from the road to some sceladed spot where their bodies could be safely concented.

Their intention to rob and then murder—fully established by later developments—was perfectly understood by the captivos, and the General desided that if he must die he would "die trying."

As they trod the lonely path in silence he feit along the chain which secured his wrists—with utmost caution least the bandit behind with a cocked shotgen should perceive his intent. Slowly and noiselessly he grooped till be found a link which was not perfectly inderstood by the captivos, and the General desided that if he must die he would "die trying."

As they frod the lonely path in silence he feit along the chain which secur game.

"It was perhaps a cruel hoax," said the speaker in conclusion, "but the man was so ignorant of America and so arrogant that it seemed a glorious opportunity to have a little fun with him."

HAD TRAVELLED WITH A MAGICIAN.